

THE IOLA REGISTER.

REGISTER, ESTABLISHED 1866.
COURANT, ESTABLISHED 1881.
DEMOCRAT, ESTABLISHED 1886.

ELSMORE EAGLE, ESTABLISHED 1890.
SAVONBURG PROGRESS, ESTABLISHED 1891.

IOLA, ALLEN COUNTY, KANSAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1902.

VOL. XXXVI No. 18

Editorial Correspondence

Washington, March 11—"To what base uses may we come at last?" The familiar line came into my mind the other day when I stood in the police court room—whither I had gone, not under compulsion, but wholly of my own volition, and through curiosity, to see Charles F. Scott, the judge who presides over that tribunal—and found myself standing in a spacious and lofty chamber, with decorated windows at either end, and with arches and columns and a vaulted ceiling which indicates a very different purpose in the mind of the architect than the use to which the room is now put. It was so obvious that the house could not have been built originally for a court of any degree, that I looked up its history, and found it to be in some respects one of the most notable buildings in Washington. It was erected more than eighty years ago by the Unitarians of this city, and until the period of the Civil War was perhaps the most fashionable church in Washington. It was the center of what was then the most fashionable quarter of the city, and distinguished ministers preached from its pulpit to audiences hardly less distinguished. Edward Everett Hale, and Samuel Longfellow, brother of the great poet, were among these preachers, and John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay were at different times members of the congregation. Only next door stood the house where Daniel Webster lived for many years, and from its balcony he often addressed the crowds which gathered to serenade him and do him honor.

But the glory has departed. And the beginning of the end was when the bell which hangs in its low tower—the oldest bell in Washington tolled for the soul of old John Brown, the only note of mourning that was sounded in all Washington for his passing. The city fathers heard the knell, enquired the cause, commanded silence, and from that day to this not a note has swelled from the brazen throat of the bell which still hangs rusting in the old tower. How much this note of sympathy for this old Kansas fighter had to do with it may never be known; but it happened anyway that the congregation of the old church scattered, another church was built and in the course of time this structure became the property of the city, and was designated as the police court. Now where fashionable wedding parties once cavalcaded, and were ushered up the winding stone steps and down the broad aisle to the sweet strains of wedding music, the patrol wagon discharges its load of sin and misery, and degraded and brutalized men and women are hurled by burly, blue coated policemen to the dock which takes the place that was once filled by the altar on which many a marriage vow was sanctified. Instead of the benignant minister of God, beaming a blessing and invoking a benediction, there sits the stern administrator of the law, balancing the scale of justice and uttering sentence. Through those wide portals during the year that is past more than 25,000 persons have entered, and out of them nearly 20,000 have gone forth to prison. A sorrowful use I would better have said than a base one, for it is no less necessary to administer the justice of man than it is to preach the mercy of God.

Another old building to which a tragic interest will attach as long as one brick of it is left upon another, is not very far away from the Police Court. It is Ford's Theatre where, as all the world knows, Abraham Lincoln, going to seek the relaxation he so sorely needed, went to his death. It is an old brick structure crowded among many others and with no sign or mark upon it to attract the attention of the passer-by. Its use as a theatre ceased soon after the great tragedy. For some years it was used as a branch of the pension office, but one of the old floors gave way one day and a number of the clerks were killed. Since then it has been occasionally used as a store house, but for the most part it stands empty. Just across the street in an old and dingy building, is the room to which Lincoln was carried and in which he died. The furniture has been kept as it was on that day and many Lincoln relics have since been added. A flag floats always from the one window of the little room and many thousand people come every year to visit it.

It is an immemorial practice for each of the Washington theatres to place one of its boxes at the disposal of the President during the entire theatrical

season. It is seldom indeed that the chief executive avails himself of the privilege accorded him, for our Presidents are mighty busy men. It is remembered that President McKinley was never once seen in a Washington theatre, although Mrs. McKinley was a somewhat frequent visitor. President Roosevelt, on the contrary, is fond of the play and nearly every Saturday night the President's box at one or the other of the theatres is occupied. Mrs. Roosevelt and one or more of the children always accompany him, and nearly always there are two or three guests. At the National last Saturday night for example, Secretary Root, Senator Lodge and one or two others were with the President and his family.

Of course it does not take the audience long to discover that the President is there, although his coming is unheralded. The word is passed along, and all eyes are turned in his direction. People rise in their places to get a better view, opera glasses are focussed on the distinguished party, and the President divides honors with the stage folk even as the play proceeds. Delightful and engrossing as the play may be, it cannot engage all of the attention while the President is there. And while Maude Adams (it happened to be Maude Adams) treated the clientele of the National to as delightful a bit of acting as it has been in many a day, at least one-half of the audience regarded the President narrowly, watched him smile in the emphatic way of his, or lapse into a thoughtful mood, or saw him exchange a word with the Secretary of War, and wondered what he was saying—whether it was about politics, or affairs of state, or only about the play. Once the President rose and left the box for a brief moment, and they wondered what he did that for.

It is a matter of no surprise that Secretary Root and Senator Lodge should be invited to share the President's box, for his personal fondness for both of them is well known. So far as he leans upon anybody, he leans upon these two men. And they well deserve the confidence. Scholars by instinct and inheritance, educated not by books alone but by travel and by much contact with men, young, ambitious, energetic, clear headed, clean hearted, they are in many ways the counterparts of the President. In many ways also they are different from him. Chiefly in the way of reserve. Lodge seldom smiles, Root but little less seldom, and neither ever approaches a confidence with any but the most intimate friend.—New England to the core, The President, on the other hand,—well, he has lived "out West", and the free spirit of the plains and the mountains has got into his blood and made it red. One in awhile his face is in repose, and at such times it has a very thoughtful, almost a sad and frowning look. But for the most part his expression changes often, reflecting his own thought or that of one to whom he may be talking. And to even the most casual caller he speaks, if occasion prompts, with a lack of reserve, with a candor and freedom that is as rare in public men as it is refreshing.

It doesn't seem to make any difference how often the President appears in public, the people struggle with the same eagerness to see him. All through the play, as I have said, the people watched him more closely than they watched the players. And when at last the curtain was rung down the people rushed to the street and stood there in the rain until the President stepped into his carriage and was driven away. Can anybody tell just why they did? C. F. S.

Washington, March 13.—Everybody knows that the Congressional Record, which appears each morning during a session of Congress, contains every word uttered in either House on the preceding day. Just the manner in which this remarkable work is done, however, is perhaps not a matter of such general knowledge, and the readers of the REGISTER may therefore be interested in a description of it.

In the House of Representatives there are five men who are carried on the rolls as official reporters. They are without doubt the most rapid and accurate shorthand writers in the world, and they are in addition highly educated and extremely intelligent men. The youngest member of the force has been on four years, while the oldest member is now serving his twenty-fifth consecutive year. When the proceedings begin in the morning,

the reporter whose turn it is appears on the floor with his note book and bottle of ink in one hand, and his pen in the other, ready to begin the day's work. With the first utterance from the floor, whether it be by the Speaker or by a member, the reporter begins. He continues until he has written about a thousand words, when he beckons to another reporter, who takes his place. The first reporter then goes down stairs into the official reporter's room, where he dictates what he has written into a graphophone. This machine is then taken by a young woman, and the record transcribed onto paper by a typewriter. The graphophone is so arranged that it may be stopped by the pressure of a foot on the pedal, and therefore the amanuensis can take the copy accurately and without difficulty.

This typewritten copy is put into the hands of another clerk, who takes it to the member whose speech is reported for his correction before sending it to the printer. In case the report contains a colloquy in which a number of members participate, it is understood that anyone who wishes to revise his part in it may have that privilege. As a matter of fact there are but few members who care to revise their remarks unless they have spoken at considerable length. In the case of one or two members, however, who are somewhat addicted to getting into the record, the reporters tell me that they insist upon seeing the copy if it contains nothing more than a simple question with their names attached. In case a member has spoken at such length, or at such a time, as to make it impracticable for him to revise the reporters' copy by midnight of the day upon which the speech was uttered, or if for any other reason he desires to delay the publication of his remarks, he may hold the copy, and in the Record of the day following will appear in parenthesis the brief statement: "Mr. Blank addressed the committee. His remarks will appear hereafter." In nearly all the debates, as I have perhaps already stated, it is understood that a member may extend his remarks in the Record, and that means that the notes handed in by the reporter may be revised by addition, subtraction or division in such a way that those who heard the original address would not at all recognize the printed speech. These speeches which are thus withheld from the proceedings of the day when they were uttered, when at last they are handed in, appear in the front of the Record, preceding the current day's report of both the Senate and the House proceedings. On this account they are more conspicuous than if they had been "run in" in the body of the Record, and it is undeniable that a good many members have ascertained this fact, and learned to appreciate the value of a "first page, top of column" position. Indeed it is a little more than whispered around that the man in charge of the printing of the Record is obliged to keep a list of those who have applied for first page, in order that each may be served in his turn. While there are no advertisements in the Congressional Record, it would yet not be strictly accurate to say there are no advertisers.

But to get back to the reporters. It is a comparatively easy matter for a skilled stenographer to sit at a desk and follow with his cabalistic characters a single speaker who is talking with greater or less deliberation; but when a man, under the pressure of the five minute rule—under the necessity of putting into five minutes what he would really like to have thirty minutes to say—is thundering ahead under full steam, at the rate of about 300 words a minute, and when another man breaks in on him with a question or an interjection, and perhaps two or three more interruptions come from as many different quarters, the task of the reporter, as may be easily imagined, is very considerably increased. To make an accurate record of what each man says requires not only marvellous speed, but a cool head, a quick ear, and an intimate acquaintance. At such times the reporter must rely wholly upon his ear to recognize the voice of the speaker, because he has not time to lift his eyes to see who it is, and the reporters tell me that the constant practice undoubtedly renders the hearing exceedingly acute, and especially sharpens the faculty of recognizing voices.

There is a marble table immediately in front of the Speaker, which is designated as the reporter's desk, but as a matter of fact no reporter ever sits there while actively engaged in reporting the proceedings of the House. In what one of them has called the "splendid disorder" of this assembly, the only way to hear exactly what is being said is to get right out on the

floor, close by the member speaking. When the member is making a set speech, holding the floor for a considerable period, the reporter may take a vacant seat near him, and write on a member's desk at ease; but when a colloquy begins, the reporter springs to his feet with his note book and bottle of ink in the left hand, his pen in his right hand, stepping one way and another, as the storm center changes, in order to be always in the thick of the fight, and miss not one of the words that come volleying from every direction. It must be a good deal of a trick, and the men who perform it day after day with such unflinching faithfulness and accuracy certainly earn the \$5,000 a year which they are paid.

Not only must the reporter be a rapid stenographer and have a cool head and quick ear, but he must be familiar with the parliamentary procedure of the House, or the Record would often be hopelessly mixed. To illustrate: When a bill has been passed, and it is desired to call it up and clinch it so that it can never get before the House again, the man in charge of the measure, addressing the Speaker says: "I move that the vote by which the bill was passed be reconsidered, and move to lay that motion on the table." Now this is a long rigmarole, which Uncle Joe Cannon, of Illinois, very much dislikes to waste time upon. Hence when the proper time comes for him to make that motion, he simply looks in the direction of the speaker, waves his hand, and sits down. In the next day's Record that wave of the hand is reported as follows: "On motion of Mr. Cannon the motion to reconsider the vote by which the bill was passed was laid on the table." It can easily be seen that a good deal of trouble might follow if this well known gesture of Mr. Cannon's were not properly reported. And this is only one of many instances that might be cited, for the House of Representatives has a language of its own, which is not easily learned. Experience has shown that it takes a new reporter, provided he is a very experienced and expert stenographer, to begin with, about four years to become thoroughly efficient on the floor, and that is the reason why so few changes are made in the force.

The present system of reporting the proceedings of Congress has been employed only about thirty years. Before that date the Congressional Globe, as the Record was then called, printed the debates by contract. Even now the Senate Reporters are contractors, and not officials; but they are never changed, and their reports are printed in the Record along with the report of the House proceedings.

The perfection of the American system of reporting is shown yet more vividly when contrasted with the failure of other countries. The British House of Commons has never lowered its dignity to the extent of admitting stenographers to its floor—one reason perhaps being that the floor of the house is so small that there is not room for more than one-sixth of the members at any one time, to say nothing of admitting outsiders. Such reports as are made, therefore, of the parliamentary debates, are written by reporters in the narrow gallery which surrounds the house and are necessarily so imperfect that the most distinguished members even refuse to revise them, because they do not wish to assume any semblance of responsibility for them. Another illustration of the superiority of American reporters was shown during the session of the Pan-American Congress, which was held recently in the City of Mexico. Of the forty-five delegates, forty spoke in Spanish and five in English. The English speaking members were reported verbatim by a Washington stenographer. When a Spanish speech was begun, five distracted Spanish stenographers struggled simultaneously to record it. They then held a council of war to determine what had been said. Next day they jointly wrote out a report, which was afterwards revised by the secretary of the convention. A very similar system is pursued in the French chambers, except that there three men report each speaker, in order that they may check upon one another, in the hope that what one misses another may take, with the result that twenty-seven reporters are required to do the work that is done—and done incomparably better—in this country by five.

The Congressional Record is a good deal of a joke throughout the country, especially in newspaper offices, where its daily appearance brings no other suggestion than of wearisome and unprofitable pages of lifeless print; but it is a very different publication here in the capital city. One copy is laid every morning upon the desk of every member in both houses, and any member who has any desire to keep informed on the proceedings of the other house, as well as his own, relies upon the record for that information. It is on the desk of the President of the United States every day, and of every executive officer, from cabinet to chief of division. Indeed it is an indispensable current record, as well as a permanent history of events and its perfect accuracy may well be a matter of national pride. C. F. S.

Kansas Clips and Comments

It is said the Santa Fe has orders in for 120 new locomotives.

It is said that G. H. Lamb, of Yates Center, will seek Congressman Miller's place two years hence.

If Mr. Oyster of Paola ever has a daughter and don't name her Pearl, he ought to be mobbed.

Fred Funston dined with President Roosevelt Friday. Ah there, Lawrence, Emporia and Atchison.

The faculty of Ottawa University has ruled against football. And Ottawa was just getting up a reputation.

Rev. Yates, a Baptist minister at Olathe, has been appointed a "sky pilot" in the regular army at \$1,800 a year.

"We let Prince Henry come to our country," says the Wichita Star, "and Germany ought to let in our pork."

A man was arrested in Emporia for whistling too much. He is a locomotive engineer and tooted it within the city limits too often.

A Columbus man who raised a good crop of apples last year, has kept them in cold storage and is now selling them at \$2 a bushel.

An Ottawa man is riding about in a buggy which he got for 3,000 chewing tobacco tags. A man of those habits ought to have drawn a boat.

The story comes from Pleasanton that a man ate a box of axle grease on a wager. Possibly the story was started by waggin' tongues.

A son was recently born to Mrs. Ravenscroft at Eureka that weighed but one and three quarters pounds. It is perfectly formed and well.

Desiring the best of care and a quick trip a Kansas City youth went to Chicago sewed up in a sack labelled "potatoes." What a bright idea!

Caney thinks she is to have a zinc smelter, giving credit for it to H. C. Meister, of St. Louis, who is said to have bought 600 acres of gas leases.

Western Life: Talk of messages to Garcia! How about the small boy who has to give his dad a note from the teacher saying he's a no-count scholar?

Kansas City Star: Six million eggs reached New York yesterday, and today New York resounds with the cry of "Ham and"; and "Make 'em three, sunny side up."

The Topeka joints have been ordered closed until after the spring election. This is on Billy Baxter's theory that wine stands for many things which a man would shun if sober.

At a recent election in Carney the voting of bonds to extend the waterworks line to the river was defeated. The city gets its water from a pond and the pond is now dry.

Boys of Atchison's industrial school are trying the Piegree plan and making gardens on vacant city lots. They also make gardens for others and will thus help pay their expenses.

A distant relative of Dave Leahy, living at Ft. Scott, has hatched out a batch of chickens which have hair instead of feathers, the hair growing longer the older the birds get.

A Leavenworth paper runs a complete lodge directory and it contains sixty-one different paragraphs. Imagine the strenuousness of the "finer" life in Leavenworth.

The Manhattan Nationalist describes a joint as a place from which men come without packages to indicate that they have bought anything. What do you call a bow-window?

The New York Tribune says Nordica was quite right in resenting the trick to have her sing in telephones, and then adds: "Wichita is an Indian word, signifying 'We cheat her.'"

A Kiowa maiden is lecturing on the habits of her tribe over this State and her lecture costume is a dress covered with over 3,000 elk's teeth. The teeth are from the quadruped and not the biped Elks.

An Atchison county farmer has 300 bushels of seed corn, but says he does not think the corn grown last year in this section will make good seed, the pollen having been largely killed by the heat.

A street car strike is on at Leavenworth and two cars were dynamited. The strikers deny all guilt and it is believed outsiders did the evil deed to increase the difficulty between the employers and men.

Topeka Capital: There is just one veteran of the War of 1812 left. The War of '12 was fought just fifty years before the Civil war, at which rate the last surviving veteran of the latter will be living in 1850.

This is refreshing. "Dad" Doe, a well-known character of Seneca is just out after three years in the pen. "Dad" is very likely the daddy of the notorious John Doe, and the son inherits his disposition.

When that vermiform appendix of General Funston's sees in the paper the reports of the glorious feats which Fred is attending it doubtless wishes it had put off its gymnastics until after his present tour.

Recently the Lawrence Journal snorted about over the loss of a diamond ring by the editor and now the Holton Recorder has lost a "silk dress pattern." Isn't the plebeian press of Kansas rioting in high living?

Will White wrote to Bent Mordock from Catalina Island: "I am on this bloomin' island watching my brain fog."

A western Kansas youth who wrote an amorous letter to the object of his affection received the startling reply: "Don't try to kiss a girl through an ink bottle."

"If preachers were smart enough," says the Down Times, "they would build a side door to their churches. Some men would enter from force of habit."

A Lawrence man who tried to smoke a skunk from his cellar with sulphur was nearly suffocated by the fumes. The local paper does not say which "fumes."

The James R. Woods claim near Lawton is to be sold by the family and is estimated to be worth \$100,000. Miss Beals of Wichita has one just as good. Wonder what her address is!

Again it is said that H. Clay Evans is to retire from the pension commissionership and Peters or Blue is to get it. Clay seems to stick, however, much after the manner of Kansas clays.

A Kansas Democratic paper, urging the election of its candidate for mayor says: "Mr. Jones is one of the fathers of the city. Can you afford to vote against your father?" How is that for logic?

Aid is being solicited in St. Louis for ten "drouth-stricken" Missouri counties. Yet last summer the dis-patches were fully occupied confining the damage to Kansas.

The Topeka Herald on Saturday lined up the gubernatorial candidates thus: Bailey 141, Troutman 100, Cole 94, Richter 74, Miller 51, Enright 48. In doubtful column are 103 votes, including Allen county's 13.

A man named Smith, formerly of Leavenworth, who married a daughter of Horace Greeley, is said to be destitute in New York. Serves him right for not heeding his father-in-law's admonition to "go west and grow up."

A little boy, the son of an Atchison Christian Scientist, had a toothache. "If you had my faith, darling," the mother said, "you would have no toothache." "Yes," the boy replied, "and if you had my toothache, you wouldn't have your faith."

Fire notes from the Seneca Tribune: John Stevens didn't wake up until they were almost ready to burn the house on him. He kicked on a wet bed and hustled out. If he was the father of two or three healthy boys, he wouldn't mind a little thing like that.

Heavy immigration to this State is predicted for this year, inquiries from all over the country coming now in unusual numbers. With Oklahoma, Kansas's best settled, good crops and Republican rule, Kansas will increase never before in years.

In January 1901, Frank Meachin, of Robinson, paid \$12 for 12 hens and two roosters. Since then he has sold 100 chickens at \$1 each, 150 dozen eggs at 20 cents a dozen, 25 settings at \$1. So he figures he made \$155 off a \$12 investment and has \$75 worth of poultry left.

Eastern papers are piling up mountains of figures as to the cost of the destruction of property made by Mrs. Nation. They think L. Kansas joint rivals a city saloon in magnificence, while as a matter of fact there is no comparison.

There must be something in the hunger a soldier experiences in a war that makes him like to eat the rest of his life. Although three meals are served daily and access to the pantry granted veterans in the Leavenworth Soldiers' Home, in one day the Home restaurant man took in \$18.60.

How the calamity orators would have utilized the story of an Ohio girl who offered to sell her body after death to a medical college to get money to buy clothes, had it happened a few years ago. Now it will attract little notice—until Ed Howe preaches on the text of girlish vanity.

A Kalamazoo, Mich., paper prints a dispatch from Harper, Kansas, to the effect that the five weeks old child of a man named Shelby of that town spoke thus: "Six years of famine in Kansas." The dispatch goes on to tell how crowds have visited the child and many families have packed up and left the State because of the terrible prophesies. Celery bitters must give people a terrible jag!

John Conway, of the Norton Champion, devoted considerable space to the birth of his first son. After relating how he sat ignorantly around and wondered at the "post-nuptial trousseau" his wife was making, he says: "Last Sunday morning came; so did Dr. Jones and Strickler; so did 9:30 o'clock. An angel came also. All angels in scripture are masculine. It is a boy! Congratulate us! Listen to our yell! But, by gingersnaps and goodies! The little fellow had 'em male attire to don to spare the women the women present from blushing at his careless furnishings. Born with out coat pants or vest, of course they had to disguise his gender in that trumpery for girls. Anyhow, a father's lordly reason is now in evidence, and Will Houghton, tailor, is employed to redress the wrong and the boy.